THE ADVANCE.

"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."

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THE RIGHT WILL RIGHT ITSELF.

When overcome with anxious fears,
And moved with passion strong,
Because the right seems losing ground
And everything goes wrong,
How oft does admonition say:
"Put trouble on the shelf;
Truth will outlive the liars' day,
And Right will right itself!"

By all the triumphs of the past,
By all the victories won,
The good achieved, the progress made
Each day, from sun to sun;
In spite of artful ways employed
By perfidy or pelf,
Of one thing we can rest assured,
The Right will right itself!

Unshaken in our faith and zeal,
'Tis ours to do and dare,
To find the place we best can fill,
And save our Maker there;
For he is only brave who thus
Puts trouble on the shelf,
And trusts in God, for by His aid
The Right will right itself.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

THE READING HABIT.

JOHN TERHUNE, the Superintendent of Public Schools in Bergen County, New-Jersey, recently delivered an address before the parents and friends of the Union Township schools. The subject of his remarks was "The Reading Habit." The following is an extract from this thoughtful and interesting address, which we copy from the Rutherford *News*:

The education gained at school must, with the great majority of people, be meager at the best. This may be and should be supplemented by extensive reading after the school life is finished. If this work is to be done well, and under favorable conditions, the pupil must, while in school, not only be trained to like good literature, but also, if possible, to use a public library intelligently.

The library must be regarded as an important and necessary part of the system of public education. It is said that not more than one in five hundred of the inhabitants of Massachusetts are without library facilities, and that the average reading done by the pupils from the fourth to the ninth grades both inclusive, last year, was four books per month and parts of five magazines or papers. I would be happy if a summary at the close of the present school year would show one-half of those results.

Training pupils to read and love good literature is by far the most important work done in school. There is nothing else that a teacher can do at all comparable to it in value. It is the one thing the school does that continues to contribute to one's education so long as he lives. We should never forget that it is not the ability to read, but the use made of that ability, that contributes to the destiny of the child. Some one has said that education consists in formation of habits and the acquisition of tastes. This is certainly the case so far as reading is concerned, and all that the school and library can do, working together in harmony, is necessary to the best success in this matter of forming correct reading habits and good taste in literature.

A love for poetry seems to be innate with children; its first manifestation being in the nursery where Mother Goose and similar collections of nursery songs furnish a preparation sufficient for the healing of most of the sorrows of babyhood. Fairy tales and folk stories, fanciful tales and wonder books, follow in order and furnish an abundance of literature for the primary-school age. The child's fancy finds free range, and his world is pictured with images of beautiful spirits whom he has learned to love, or of evil spirits from whom he shrinks. Later these fancies find their illustrations in real life, and the lessons of childhood become the foundation of the wisdom of maturer years. Therefore, the teacher should feel that he is selecting the hanging pictures for all time, and that the children's minds are the art rooms which he is furnishing. His selections must be the most helpful, as well as the most beautiful, of the productions of our best artists.

The center around which cluster all the problems which relate to the reading habits of children is the public school. It is only in exceptional cases that parents have the knowledge and the means to supply children with suitable books, and, what is more important, with the right guidance and sympathy in making a close acquaintance with them. It is not a question of learning how to read, all children who go to school learn that; it is the vastly greater question of appreciating and enjoying the best things which are worth reading.

Why should we expend from $15 to $25 per child each year to teach it how to read and then have logical arguments presented that we have done a doubtful service; when from 15c. to 25c. per head more will furnish an abundance of literature to teach what to read and make the service a doubtless one? President Eliot of Harvard University says, we have failed in achieving the main end of elementary education if the total training during childhood does not result in a taste for reading which should direct and inspire subsequent intellectual life.

The comprehensive report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education just published gives a summary of replies to a circular of inquiry upon this subject as follows:

The reading habit should be formed early. Reading would add greatly to their limited vocabulary, and improve their language, written and oral.

The pupil who does the most outside reading is a better reader than the one who does little or none; is more intelligent and a better talker.

I find all my good readers are those who read at home, and as a rule express their thoughts correctly.

It is easier to influence a child's taste for good reading at the age of eight or nine than several years later.

Reading awakens their interest for other things, and prepares them better for their grade work.

I find that pupils who read most are those who most intelligently grasp nearly all subjects.

I could quote similar statements from many eminent educators, but the principal of your own school has observed and will vouch with me for the truth of every word just expressed. He isn't preaching these truths only, but is practising them daily, and I beg of you to be as liberal in this direction as you can, so that he may extend and direct this home reading in the lowest grades. For during the first three years of his school life the child should have his imagination kindled with admiration of heroes and their acts. Youth needs to feel the constant inspiration which will impel it to know, to do, and to be. The inspiration comes first from parents and teachers, and later from characters whose deeds not only enlighten minds but touch hearts. Teachers are failing in the most important part of teaching if they do not cause children to know and to be influenced by the great men and women of the world.

Why was the law enacted requiring the Stars and Stripes to float over our school-houses, and exercises made mandatory upon certain days? It was because our legislators realized that this was the best way and the best time to promote patriotism, that would abide forever.

It was for the same reason that the law to teach temperance was created; and although frequently criticised as being unpedagogical, it has been far more reaching in results than is generally understood and credited. I know whereof I speak, and I say it with emphasis that the grammar school children of Bergen County to-day know more about the structure and functions of their bodies; the science of health and the effects of stimulants and narcotics, than did the average teacher ten years ago. And if this information is useless, then all arguments to prove that if we would have prosperity we must have strong and healthy men to seek it, is likewise useless. Georgia and Utah are the only two dark spots in this Union of States that are still out of this life and home-preserving ark; and if it is necessary to expend so much thought and money to invent life-saving apparatus at sea, it is equally necessary to be vigilant in warring against health, home, life and soul-destroying agents on the land. If the law were repealed, I would still advocate and urge the instruction continued.

DAVID'S GOOD-BYE.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

"Wait a minute," said the latter, as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said, "they're for gran'ma."

"Yes," answered the giver, "with my love."

"Well, I do declare," observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me; I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughingly. "You see it is this way. When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house, where I had been boarding, with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away; no one would miss me.

"I stopped for Dan; that was my chum's name, on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

"'Good-bye, my boy; God bless you.'

"No one kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"'Good-bye, Davie,' she said gently holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands and wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh how sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years: 'Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie?' I turned and took her hands, the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"'Good-bye, Davie,' she said; 'I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.'"

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew brighter to me here and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie, I love you, too, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."

A MAN is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

IN MANY LANDS.

The bonny babe, tossed blithely to and fro,
Rests on Amanda's apron white as snow
In Lapland.

Full well he fares, no epicure is he,
Upon a diet that would frighten me
In Papland.

Anon he is an urchin, and must learn
"Globes" with "geography," and take his turn
In Mapland.

If he is idle, and his books will flout,
There is a ruler, and he'll have a bout
In Rapland.

Or, it may be, his fate is harder yet,
And he will spend a time he won't forget
In Strapland.

But, like the longest lane, the laggard day
Will end at last, and Tom will snore away
In Napland.—*London Punch.*

STRENGTH IN SHORT WORDS.

In these days of turgid eloquence, when public speakers seem to vie with one another to see how many triple-jointed words they can lug into a speech, and seem to scorn the strength and beauty of short words, an address delivered many years ago by A. P. Edgerton, has peculiar weight, and is an eloquent argument in favor of short, direct methods of speech. Mr. Edgerton is a former member of Congress, and was civil service commissioner under President Cleveland. The address was delivered in 1882 at the commencement of the Fort Wayne High School, in Indiana, and while it was impromptu and not at all a studied effort at monosyllabic diction, each of the words it contains is a monosyllable. Not only that, but as an oratorical effort it ranks high. The address is as follows:

"This day we close for the year the Fort Wayne free schools, and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach.

"I say girls and boys, for when three-score and ten years have come to you you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your hearts warm; that you wear no brow of gloom, are not borne down with age, but still, in heart, are 'girls and boys.' When these years come, and I hope they will to all, the tide of time will roll back and tell you of your school-time days, when the fair, the kind, and the true found love, but the false heart found no friend, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age, and when you shall cease to think of them your fire has burned low and your light has gone out. You have been here taught in the hope that the free schools of Fort Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world, would give you faith in all that is good and true, and lead you to seek work, for that you must seek and do if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep, or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold true heart to seek the work for you to do.

"Keep in mind that the hours to work run through each day and that God's great law of life is, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

"Now, for you, young man, this truth is told.

"Go where you will through the world and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich and men of worth and work through all our land too poor; where men by law are to plot with sin, to spurn the right, that charge and cost and spoil may make old 'Quirk's' law firms rich; where law is so plead that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight o'er sick men's pains and dead men's bones; where types are set and none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray and where schools are taught, this sign: 'Brains Will Find Work Here.'

"Don't fear. Step up and ask for work; brains will get it. Don't let 'I dare not wait on I would'—like the cat that loves fish, but dares not wet her foot.

"If it be said 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say 'I have none, but I can learn one and put brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and be sure to find it, it may be said to you, "Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep?' That plow, in its wise use, gives all men food.

"Do you see that wheel and that crank and those shafts and that press and do you hear the rush and the hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make and hold and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float to and fro from place to place, where it is best for man to use it?

"Can you spin the thread and weave it which makes robes for kings and silks for the rich and vain, and dress for the poor, and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use?

"These things are all shot through with threads of light—the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new-found light as the years go on."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

MR. GODFATHER had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children should be seen and not heard, say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph "Yes." When the telegram arrived the busy father had forgotten what "Yes" referred to, so he wired back, "Yes, what?" and Johnnie answered, "Yes, sir."

THEIR FATHER IN THE JUG."

"DEACONESS, oh deaconess!" It was a woman on the street running after me. I stopped at the shrill call and a moment later the panting woman reached my side.

"There are two children very sick down in that house there by the railroad track. They are in the basement, back. Just go through the gate and knock at the kitchen door. Their father is in the jug and their mother ain't got no money, so I guess they need somebody to look after them a little."

I thanked the informer and made straight for the home. Other calls could wait. But two sick children with a friendless, penniless mother must be looked after at once. The children, I found, had malignant diphtheria, and there was no card on the door. Before many hours elapsed a physician was at the house and so was food and money for medicine and such help as was possible to give. In a few days the older child died. I could not get the county to help, so I myself became responsible for the coffin and the poor burial expenses.

In a few days I was sent for again. It was night before I could go, but I did not dare wait. I found my way in the dark to what I supposed was the right house. Knocking at the door I was met by a man wearing a slouch hat and unspeakably dirty clothes. His beard was long and dirty. His eyes stared out of a white, drawn face as he looked at me bewildered. I thought he was insane.

"I thought Mrs. H. lived here," I said, "but I must be mistaken."

The words seemed to bring him to his senses. "Oh, yes," he said, "come in. The baby has just died." It was the father just out of jail.

I entered the little kitchen. The mother was sitting in a chair with her arms hanging lifelessly down, and was crying just as rich mothers cry when their babies die. There were two children left—a little boy who was sitting on the floor by the dead baby, and a little girl, too young to understand what it meant. On a rough bench lay the little form, the gray shade of death just settling over the pretty features.

"Can you get somebody to come and help us?" the man moaned, thinking I was afraid to stay.

"I will help you," I said, "I am a servant of Jesus Christ and I want to help you just as he would if he were here."

First of all I got down on my knees in that terrible place and asked God's help. I did it as much for my own sake as for theirs. Then rising I smoothed back the hair of the distressed mother and tried to comfort her by telling her that the Lord had taken the little boy away from this sorrowful world to be with himself. Then I took off my jacket, turned up my dress, put on an apron, and, fortunately having disinfectants with me, I went to work in good earnest. I washed the little body and straightened the limbs. The mother found a little white gown. There was a little store-room in the house empty and windowless. I carried the form into this room, laid it on the leaf of a table I found there and spread a white cloth over it. Then with a few more words of comfort I left them for the night.

The baby was buried the next day, again with our money from our church fund. I had notified the city at once but no one came to investigate and help. The father's heart seemed deeply touched. He had used his leisure time in cleaning up both himself and the house as much as possible. The mother seemed reconciled at the thought that her little ones were in heaven.

This happened a year ago. Since that time the man has paid for both of the funerals and put a little stone at both of the graves. Yesterday he sent me back the ten dollars I had advanced with a two-dollar thank-offering. The wife and little boy have both joined our church. The father says he is "trying to be good." Surely it will not be long before he, too, is brought in.—*Highway and Hedges.*

ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE.

Do you know why the little pocket-knives are often called penknives? Perhaps some of you have often wondered and did not like to ask. You use a steel pen at school, but when Washington lived there were no steel pens. At that time, and until the year 1820, pens were made out of the quills or large feathers of the goose and other birds. Now, these quill pens, being soft, got out of order and split, so they had to be remade. Most writers kept a sharp knife to remake these pens, so the knives got to be called "penknives."

The word "pen" is from the Latin word "penna," which means a feather; so when we say steel pen we talk of a steel feather, which is absurd, but then the language is made up of very funny words and phrases, and the little word "pen" is now used only for the piece of steel with which we write. What becomes of all the pens made? One firm in England makes 200,000,000 pens every year, and there are several other makers who send out nearly as many more. Then in the United States we make at least 200,000,000 every year. Where do they all go to? It is not often that you can pick up old pens, and yet a vast number must be lost every day.

THE ruling of a Missouri judge that it is the husband's duty to arise in the morning and build the kitchen fire greatly simplifies matrimonial conditions. When the domestic day is started right and according to law, there ought to be no infelicity in any part of it.

HALF the troubles of life are imaginary.